THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Othello.*

No. 5047. *Wednesday, Feb.* 21, 1838. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

THE performances at this Theatre, yesterday evening, were for the Benefit of a Charitable Institution, they consisted of Shakspeare's Play of *Julius Cæsar*, and the Opera of *Fra-Diavolo.*

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

SHERIDAN'S charming *Comedy* of *The Duenna*, (for well it deserves that appellation, though yclept an Opera,) was performed here last night. Some of the characters were admirably well sustained, especially those of *The Duenna*, *Little Isaac*, and *Lopez*, by Mrs. C. Jones, Buckstone, and Compton. H. Phillips played *Father Paul*, why we cannot conceive, unless it were to procure permission for his protégée, Fanny Healy, to play *Don Carlos*, for which part she is not qualified either as an actress or singer. Miss Romer sang delightfully as *Clara*. The Pantomime followed for the last time.

ADELPHI —On Monday night a smart little piece, entitled *Rifle Manœuvres*, was brought out at this Theatre, and it is almost superfluous to add, with success, for such is generally the fate of the novelties produced at this house. The plot of the bagatelle is not very novel, but there are some highly comic situations, and the dialogue is smart and pointed; had, however, the intrinsic merits of the piece been less, the excellent acting of Mrs. Nisbett and Mr. Yates would have ensured its success. The plot turns on the absurd jealousy of Mr. Doddleton, (Yates) of his pretty wife, (Miss Taylor,) which jealousy is cured by the manœuvres of Mrs. MajorMasterman, (Mrs. Nisbett) who disguises herself as Captain Nugent of the Rifles, and ultimately effects her object. One scene, in which Yates places himself in a picture frame, and represents his own portrait to listen to his wife, and her pretended lover, was highly ludicrous, and elicited great laughter and applause. Mrs. Nisbett acted with great spirit, and looked so well in her military dress, with her whiskers, &c. that she might raise a sigh of envy in the bosom of many an unfledged officer of the guards. Mr. Yates announced the piece for repetition with unanimous applause.

On the 4th instant, the following dreadful accident occurred at the Court Theatre of Brunswick: As the Bedouin Arabs were exhibiting, one of them was throwing a sommerset over the heads of his companions, and at the same time firing a musket charged with powder, when the youngest of the party, a youth, aged sixteen, without uttering a cry, or speaking a syllable, withdrew behind the scenes, and there staggered and fell. A medical man immediately examined the poor boy, and found that the wadding of the gun had entered the back of his neck. The mat-

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ter was extracted, and hopes were entertained that the wound was not serious, but in the night vomitings came on, and before morning the sufferer was dead. On examining the wounded part it was found that one of the vertebræ of the neck was broken, and the spinal marrow injured. During this operation, the countenances of the Bedouins expressed the deepest distress, the man who had caused the death remained crouched in a corner, with his eyes fixed on the body, without gesture or motion, as if completely stupified. On the sixth, the body was washed, and then deposited in the burying ground without any ceremony, according to the custom of Africa.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of the Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, but will you excuse me—I have to mention that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends and the fashionable world at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town :—

On Monday, visit the *Western Exchange Bazaar*, 10, Old Bond Street,—patronized by the *haut ton*, and thronged by the *elite* of society, introducing their country cousins, all anxious to encourage fashion, taste, economy, and female ingenuity. Generally enter by the private entrance in Burlington Arcade.

On Tuesday, escort Mrs. P. to the COLOSSEUM,—visited the Conservatories, Fountains—Caverns—Views of Stupendous London, and other delightful and interesting Views.—The Optical Gallery—Wonders of the Microscope, &c. &c.

Wednesday, visit Madame Tussaud's elegant Exhibition, Golden Corinthian Saloon, Baker-st, Portman Sq.—Two new figures, Lord Leicester & Earl Spencer with other new and beautiful additions—The Queen, the Duchess of Kent, Lord Durham, Malibran, &c.—fac similies from life!—the dresses truly superb.

Wishing to give a rich treat to my friends, engaged KIRBY'S elegant rooms, 10½, Titchfield Street, Oxford Street, for an evening party—terms very moderate. Mrs. Kirby an excellent teacher of dancing—came to terms with her for all the Prys—private lessons throughout the day—attends the girls at home.

Thursday, pop into the Gothic Hall, 7, Hay-market, to listen to the delightful strains of the *Grand Euterpeon*—fancied I was listening to a full orchestra—astonished at its unequalled execution.—Hours of performing, 1, 3, & 8 o'clock.

Hunted an hour this morning for my hat, (one of RICHARDS'S beautiful Beavers,) found it on my head, so light didn't know it was there—put me in mind of purchasing my winter stock—made a memorandum "RICHARDS, 125, Strand, the only house in London for good hats."

Cast my optics into the shop of that celebrated Optician, Chamberlain, of No. 37, Broad-st. Bloomsbury—when I withdrew them, I found myself (as far as my eyes were concerned,) about 20 years younger, thanks to a pair of Mr. C.'s best Braziliean Pebbles.—Can confidently recommend him to the notice of the Public, which, by using his Spectacles, would be, in reality, a *discerning* one!

In my way to the theatre, called on friend Evans, at the Grand Hotel, King Street, Covent Garden—had an excellent Coffee Room Dinner for 1s.6d. After the Play popt into the Harmonic Meeting, held down stairs—so pleased, stayed there a week, for which I only paid a *Guinea* for bed and breakfast! Shall recommend all my friends Mr. Editor.

"Why are my eyes like Balfe's Opera of *The Maid of Artois?*" "Because they've got the *Light of Other Days* in them!" through trying the efficacy of GRIMSTONE'S Herbacious Eye Snuff—a 2s. 4d. & 1s. 3d, Canister restored my visual organs—quite a miracle—left off my spectacles.—Bought at 39, Broad-st., Bloomsbury—have a care to the inventor's signature, and that it is patronised by the Royal Family and her Gracious Majesty's Treasury on each canister.

Artriving late from the country, pop into BAKER'S, Old Bell Tavern, 95, Fleet Street—get a well aired bed, and every comfort at a reasonable rate.—Rare Wines—choice Spirits,—excellent fare, and every attention.—A splendid Billiard Table on the premises—recommend my friends to call, excellent company.

On Saturday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle Work, Leicester-square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art,—But I intrude—beg pardon—Your's &c.—PAUL PRY.

Every evening, after Theatre, I call in at BRETT'S, for my diurnal allowance of a pint of *his Improved Brandy*, (price 2s. 3d.) as prescribed by my physician. Very likely to blunder into the wrong house, so am very particular in noticing the number 109, Drury Lane, directly opposite Russell Court.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, (4th Time) a New Play, in Five Acts, called The

Lady of Lyons

Or, LOVE AND PRIDE.

Beauseant, (a rich gentleman of Lyons) Mr ELTON,
Glavis, (his friend) Mr MEADOWS,
Colonel, (afterwards General) Damas, Mr BARTLEY,
M. Deschappelles, (a Merchant) Mr STRICKLAND,
Captain Gervais, Mr HOWE,
Captain Dupont, ... Mr PRITCHARD,
Major Desmoulins, Mr ROBERTS,
Landlord of the Golden Lion, Mr YARNOLD,
Gaspar, Mr DIDDEAR,
Claude Melnotte, ... Mr MACREADY,
Servants, Mr Collet, Mr Bender, Notary, Mr Holmes,
Madame Deschappelles, ... Mrs W. CLIFFORD,
Pauline Deschappelles, Miss H. FAUCIT,
The Widow Melnotte ..... Mrs GRIFFITH,
Janet, Mrs EAST, Marian, Miss GARRICK.

After which, (Never Acted) a New Farce, called

Mackintosh & Co.

Mackintosh and Co., Mr POWER,
Mr Henley, Mr BARTLEY, Leonard, Mr ROBERTS,
Mrs Henley, Mrs W. CLIFFORD,
Sophy, ... Mrs SERLE.

To conclude with, a New Comic Opera, called The

Black Domino !

(Compressed into Two Acts.)

Lord Burley, Mr STRICKLAND,
Leon, Mr WILSON, Julian, Mr MANVERS,
Melchior, Mr COLLET,
Pico, ... Mr W. J. HAMMOND,
Lady Warden, ... Mrs GARRICK,
Angela, Miss SHIRREFF,
Estelle, Mrs SERLE, Ursula, Mrs EAST,
Jacintha, Miss P. HORTON,

To-morrow, The Lady of Lyons, with other Entertainments, in which Mr POWER will perform.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, the Tragedy of

HAMLET.

Claudius, King of Denmark, Mr BAKER,
Hamlet ..... Mr CHARLES KEAN,
Polonius, Mr DOWTON, Laertes, Mr KING,
Horatio, Mr H. COOKE, Rosencrantz, Mr F. COOKE,
Guildenstern, Mr DURUSET, Osrick, Mr BRINDAL,
First Actor, Mr M'IAN, Second Actor, Mr T. MATTHEWS,
First Grave-Digger Mr COMPTON, 2nd ditto, Mr HUGHES,
Ghost of Hamlet's Father, Mr COOPER,

Gertrude.....Mrs TERNAN, Ophelia....Miss FORDE.

In the course of the Evening,

C. G. Reissiger's Overture to "NERON."

To conclude with, the Grand Historical Opera of

JOAN of ARC!

The Overture and the whole of the Music composed by Mr. M. W. BALFE.

Charles the Seventh, of France, Mr BAKER,
Count Dunois ..... Mr TEMPLETON,
Beauvais, Mr FRAZER, Theodore, Mr M. W. BALFE,
Baudricourt, Mr F. COOKE, John of Luxembourg, Mr HARRIS,
Renaud, Mr GIUBILEI, Badet, Mr E. SEGUIN.
Bertrand, Mr HUGHES, Corporal Twist, Mr S. JONES,
Joan of Arc, Miss ROMER
Agnes Sorel, Mrs ANDERSON, St. Catherine, Miss FORDE.
Madelon, Miss POOLE.

To-morrow, The Mountain Sylph, Our Mary Anne, & the Devil on Two Sticks,

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